THE

Faithful Inflamed Lover:

OR,

The true Admirer of Beauty!

Being an Account of a Worthy Squire that Married a Farmers Daughter.

This Beauteous Maid his heart betray'd,
he lov'd her not for Store;
He ſought not one for Wealth alone,
he had enough before.

To the Tune of, *Over Hills and high Mountains.*

NOw my deareſt ſweet Jewel,
I am come for to prove
Whether you can be cruel,
or obedient to love:
I acquaint you this hour
with the pains I endure,
Love, it lies in thy power,
for to Kill or to Cure.

Ever ſleeping and waking,
ſtill my thoughts is on thee,
But it proves my hearts-breaking,
when I perfectly ſee,
That you give a denyal,
though my love it is true,
Yet I vow to be Loyal,
I can love none but you.

In my ſlumber I fancy
that I have in my Arms,
My moſt beautiful Nancy,
this my ſenſes allarms:
Love, I then am contented,
with a meer Golden Dream,
But I wake more tormented,
in a far worſe extream.

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O that I might enjoy thee,
of a bleſſing I ſhare,
There is none ſhall annoy thee,
I will tender my Dear;
In my arms thee I'le nouriſh,
where I will thee infold,
And in Silks thou ſhalt flouriſh,
love, Imbroider'd with Gold.

I will Crown thee with pleaſure,
now my amorous Girl,
And endue thee with Treaſure,
to adorn thee with Pearl;
Being wounded with Beauty,
now my Dear I adore,
Love, it is but my Duty,
were it twenty times more.

The Maidens Reply.

PRay attend to the Sequel,
and be ruled by me,
There is many more equal
to your birth and degree:
It is not my deſire,
as I freely relate,
In the leaſt, to aſpire,
or ſtrive to be Great.

Though you me do admire,
when you call me your dear,
Should I grant your deſire;
I have reaſon to fear;

Being lowly deſcended,
your Relations will frown,
While they are thus offended,
I ſhall then be run down.

For your proffer I care not,
then I pray Sir be mute,
Nay, to venture I dare not,
'tis a dangerous ſuit:
Many covetous Parents,
as 'tis known to be true,
They have ſet them at variance,
and divided them too.

The Man.

'Tis a tryal to Patience,
while you are ſo ſevere,
Tell me not of Relations,
I adore thee my dear;
Then a promiſe I'le make thee,
ſo that thou ſhalt be ſure,
I will never forſake thee,
now while life doth endure.

When ſhe found he was Loyal,
then the Damſel did yield,
Making no more denyal,
thus he conquer'd the field;
Then they both were united,
in true love to dwell,
And the Parents invited,
ſo the matter went well.

This may printed, R. P.

Printed for J. Deacon, at the Angel in Guilt-Spur-Street, without Newgate.